

שיר השירים

OR

SOLOMON'S

SONG

PARAPHRASD:

A PINDARICK

POEM.

---

*Carmina fecerunt Scribentis, & otia quarunt:*  
*Me mare, me venti, me sera jaculat hyems.*  
Ovid. de Trist. Lib. 1. Eleg. 1.

---

L O N D O N,

Printed by H. Hills, for Henry Faithorne, and John  
Kersey, at the Sign of the Rose in St. Paul's  
Church-Yard. 1681.

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Vol. 95.

- 1 Solomon's Song paraphras'd, a Pindarick Poem. 1681.
- 2 Morris, Thomas. M. A. Revel. xiv. 13. 1681. fun. E. of Orony.
- 3 Fuller, John. M. A. Acts. v. 30. 1681. fast.
- 4 Ramsey, Wm Esq. Acts. xxvii. 15. 1681. the Delian Ship.
- 5 Walls, George. M. A. Nehem. viii. 10. 1681.
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- 13 anonymous Luke xxii. 19. 1680. The great  
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- 14 Lucke, John Deut. xxxii. 29. fun. 1682.
- 15 Walker, Anthony D. D. Eccles. x. 1. 1682. 3 Aposth.
- 16 Jekyll, Thomas. M. A. Jer. v. 29. 1681. b. L. Mayor
- 17 Philips, Nicholas Dan. vi. 21. 1681. Loyalty & Picty.
- 18 Acts. ii. 47. 1681. The Way to Heaven disc<sup>d</sup>.

from over

19. Burnet, Gilbert A.M. Mat. xii. 25. 1681. An Exhortation to Peace and Unity.
20. Goulde, W<sup>m</sup>. fol. xxvi. 21. 1682. The primitive Christians justified.
21. Hickers, George A.D. 2 Cor. iv. 9. 1681. on persecution.
22. Shower, John. Eccles. xi. 9. 1681. fun.
23. Williams, W<sup>m</sup> A.M. Luke xix. 8. 1682. Restitution.
24. Chetwynd, John A.M. Eccles. xii. 13. 14. 1682. Mem. for Magistrate.
25. Hooper, George A.D. Math. xxii. 21. 1682. b. King.
26. Chetwynd, John A.M. 1 Sam. vii. 12. 1682. Taken over.
27. anonymous. Prov. xxxi. 14. 1682. b. King.

✓ 28. A Letter wherein is shewed what Worship is due to Images according to the Second Council of Nice 8<sup>th</sup> by J. D. 1680



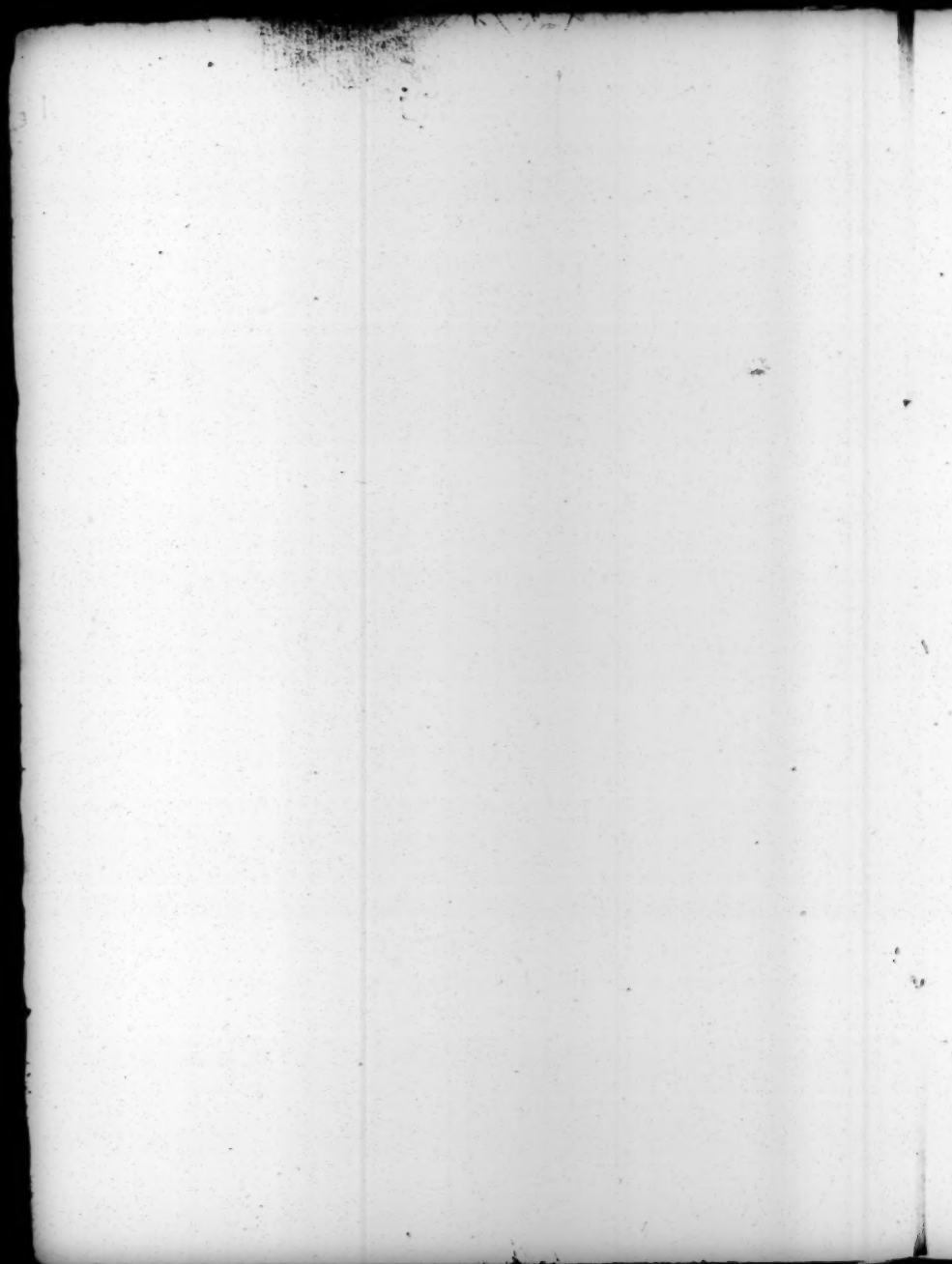
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שִׁיר הַשִּׁירִים

OR

# SOLOMON'S

## SONG Paraphrased.

CHAP. I. v. 1.

**T**He Song of Songs from Sacred Muses sprang,  
Which *Jesse's* Grand-Child to the People sang.

CHURCH.

2. With soft Embraces let him clasp me round,  
Whilst glances darted from his eyes  
Outstrip the num'rous Army of the Skies, }  
And to a larger Audit rise  
Than all the Sand upon the Ocean bound,  
Or Spires of grass on *Palæstina's* ground:  
Whilst thus about each others necks we twine,  
Our Sacred flames out-vie the heat of Wine.  
3. Because of those choice Oyntments shed  
With Rose Odours on thy youthful head,  
( Yet not so fragrant as thy Name )  
Which trickling down with Spikenard meet  
( Spikenard sent up from thy Triumphant feet )

B

The

The Virgins love thee with a purer flame  
Than those which newly from the Altar came.

4. Let thine ore-pouring Beauty draw my heart  
With ( more than Adamantine Tyes )  
The prosperous glances of thy youthful eyes,  
And then we'll never part.  
Blest Union Mystical! The King  
Has plac't me underneath his Wing,  
Thrice happy Soul so caught,  
And to so fair a Palace brought!  
To him we dance, to him we sing.  
The sprightly Goblet now no more shall move:  
The righteous Kifs, and thus they pledge thy Love.
5. 6. O turn, thou Fairest, turn away  
That too too heedful ray;  
Lest my discolour'd cheeks offend thy sight;  
( Grown duskie from the Suns officious light. )  
Alas! by Brothers hatred I was sent  
To labour in anothers Tent,  
( Unmindful of mine own ) and thus grew old  
Under the Summers heat and Winters cold:  
Yet Blackness has its Beauty, and the shade  
Was as a Masque for Lovers made.  
Thus from the Soultrie plain  
Th' Arabian Swain  
Ore-powred by Heat to *Kedar* creeps,  
And *Selomoh* beneath his Banner sleeps.
7. Tell me at last,  
O thou to whom my Soul is bound so fast;  
Where, in the night of miseries oppress'd,  
Thou mak'st thy wearied flocks to rest.  
Where thou dost *Benjamin* and *Josephs* sheep  
( Beside thy Tents ) in ample Pastures keep?

( 3 )

For why  
Should only I }  
From thy Protection and my Safety flie?

C H R I S T.

8. If yet thou know'st not ( O thou Fair )  
Whose unpois'd glories greater are  
Than all the blooming pride  
Sprung from the Font of *Adams* side;  
Haste with thy Staff and Pilgrims Weed,  
And when from far thou dost espie  
The num'rous footsteps of the Passers-by,  
There take thy road, for fear thou stray  
In an ill-trod, uneasy way:  
And when the Shepherds Tents appear,  
They'l shew thee where I feed,  
And when my flocks are near.
9. Thy splendour, O my Love, exceeds the show  
Of *Pharaohs* Host before his Overthrow.  
Those Troops which did before *Baal-Zephon* shine,  
Must vail their lustre when compar'd to thine:
10. Whilst jewels, like the blushing flow'rs in *May*,  
Adorn thy Cheeks more fresh than they:  
And thy bright Neck stands circled in  
With wreaths of Gold beneath thy tender Chin.
11. With Gold thy borders shall be crown'd,  
And studs of Silver shall embrace thee round.

C H U R C H.

12. When in the midst of his Pavilion plac't }  
The King takes his repast,  
By all the num'rous Armies grac't, }

That brood an Oriental light  
 From *Michael* to the meaner *Might*,  
 My Box of *Spikenard* do's its Odour send  
 In fragrant moistures, which return at last  
 With sweeter breath than they could ever lend.

Thus Odours are each others grace,  
 And *Spikenard* borrows scent from his perfuming Face.

13. They are not all those choiser Smells  
 Which the rude *Indian* or *Arabian* sells:  
 14. The *Cypress*, or those *Breathings* shed  
 Twixt *Zephyr* and *Engeddi's* spicie bed,  
 Can equalize that passionate delight  
 We find betwixt each others breasts all night.

## C H R I S T.

15. Behold ( my blest Companion ) thou art fair,  
 Thine eyes with those of *Doves* compare.

## C H U R C H.

16. But thine far more resplendent are.  
 How pleasant art thou seen  
 Upon our beds of *Green*,  
 Whose Odours far exceed the sweets of *Myrrh*!  
 17. Our beams are *Cedar*, and our rafters *Fir*.

## C H A P. II. v. I.

## C H R I S T.

W Ould you the *Rose of Sharon* see  
 Spreading his Virgin Colours to the Sun  
 ( When he has almost half his Circuit run )

Op'ning

Op'ning his untoucht lips to kiss that ray  
By whom he do's his leaves display?

'Tis I am he.

Or the fair Lily of the lower ground  
(*Shoshannah*) with more glories crown'd  
Than those with which the mighty Kings appear  
In the great Triumphs of the year?

You have him here.

2. As the chaff Lily, which from Tempest torn,  
With a be seeming blush renews it pride,  
Tho' compast round with an unfruitful thorn,  
And all the Forest-Brakes beside;  
Such is my *Bride*,  
When plac't amidst the Virgin Quire :  
So fairly do her eyes appear,  
So charming are her looks, so clear,  
So gay, so pleasing her attire,  
That whosoe're comes near  
Must pant in flames, and languish in desire.

C H U R C H.

3. Compare the loaden Apple-tree  
To those unthrifty Shrubs you see,  
Those withered boughs, which too too long have stood }  
The scandal of the Wood,  
Without the product of or Fair, or Good:  
Such, such is he for whom my wounded heart }  
Repents a strange and lasting smart  
Which vies with the Physicians Art.  
I crept on ( silent as the shades ) for fear  
It might offend him if he saw me near:  
And loth I was a while to prove  
My self Ambassadors of my own love:

But

But still his Beauty led me on ;  
 Till heedless of the paces I had gone,  
 I came beneath his blessed shade  
 ( Hid by a Gourd which kinder Love had made )  
 And reach't, and pluckt, and eat such fruits as never fade.

4. At length he led me from the sacred place,  
 And with a Princely grace  
 ( Lest I should surfeit with my New-got Fruit )  
 He gave me Wine, and taught me to digest :  
 He smil'd upon my suit,  
 And granted my request.

5. Stay me with Wine, with Apples, Oh ! for I  
 Am sick at heart, and if you help not, die !

6. But see where the Physician stands  
 And reaches forth his aidful hands :  
 The one arm circles round my Bed, }  
 Whilst t'other helps support the feeble head, }  
 And Vails of Love are round about me spread. }

# CHRIST.

7. I charge you ( *Sions* Daughters fair )  
 And you, whose Sires of *Salem* were,  
 Within whose Borders Wars do cease  
 ( Whilst *Fire* constitutes a lasting Peace )  
 I charge you by the swift-pac't Roe  
 And by the Hinds which in your Pastures goe ;  
 By all the brisker herds abroad  
 Who cross your interrupted Road ;  
 If my Beloved slumb'ring lyes,  
 If softer sleep have lockt her tender Eyes,  
 You offer not to break her Ease  
 Or stir her from her pillow, till she please.

CHURCH.



## C H U R C H.

8. Forth from the Hills a voice I hear,  
 Whose trembling Eccho strikes my tender Ear :  
 From Mountains top it reaches to the Plain,  
 Beat by the little Hillocks back again.
9. 'Tis my Beloveds voice—How like a Deer  
 He skips, when the swift Enemies are near!  
 His glories at a distance fade,  
 And set, as in a shade :  
 He's only seen by halves, as plac'd  
 Beside some Wall which early Time has ras't :  
 He creeps behind the Rev'rend Ruins ; then  
 He shows himself, and so retires agen.  
 As through a Lattice we behold his Face,  
 Or darkly through the glass.
10. 'Hear how he calls—Arise my Love,  
 'My Fair, my undefiled One,  
 'And let's be gone.
11. 'The horrid Winters rage is past,  
 'And all its fury spent at last,  
 'Whilst Zephyr softly creeps along,  
 ' (Weak in himself, but in his Odours strong)  
 'The Clouds in dismal blackness cease to fly,  
 'They're all grown white,  
 'Empti'd and thinn'd by an ore-pow'ring light :  
 'Those subtil Cisterns are all dry,  
 'And slowly wave beneath a lovely sky.
12. 'The Spring do's in her Virgin dress appear ;  
 'And blushing uishers in the Youthful Year.  
 'Those Embrions which the frost did once intomb,  
 'And held with icy chains within the womb,  
 'Now peep out of their clods again,  
 'Brought forth by a successful rain.

' The

- 'The Trees rejoyce, they clap their hands and sing,  
 'And yield their buds to the Officious Spring.  
 'The feather'd Quire in *Chorus* mix their notes,  
 'And chant aloud with uninstructed throats.  
 'The loving *Turtle* (well compar'd to me)  
 'Calls out, and woes his Mate from yonder Tree.  
     'They flourish in their infant Green,  
 'And every where a New Creation's seen.  
 13. 'The Vine puts forth its tender bud,  
     'And bids defiance to the Winters flood.  
         'A fragrant sinell, a glorious shew,  
         'Attend our steps wher'e we go.  
         'Arise, my Love, and make no stay,  
         'My Fairest haste, and come away, }  
 'The Eastern Herald has proclaim'd the day.

## C H R I S T.

14. O thou who with thy active wings  
     Mount'st up on high,  
     (Unmindful of these earthly things)  
     And hast a consecrated place  
     Immur'd with Rocks, wherein thou hid'st thy Face;  
     Let me thy Countenance descry:  
     Thy Face is Love, thy Voice is Melody.  
 15. Take us the cunning Vermin which destroy  
     The spreading branch, the Gard'ners only joy:  
     Those little *Foxes*, those who undermine  
     The Daughter Cluster, and the Mother Vine.  
     Our Vine has tender branches; O forbear,  
     Lest *Herods* cruelty should harbour here,  
     And *Rachel* shed an unresented tear. }

C H U R C H.

## C H U R C H.

Whilst thou remainest, O thou Fair,  
 16. 17. Amidst the Lilies where thy Pastures are,  
 The Lilies once than Snow more white,  
 But now scarce pale before so great a light )  
 About each others necks we twine,  
 Until the wisht for day  
 Has chas't the shades away :  
 I'm his, and my Beloved's mine.  
 Hasten thee from *Bether* like the nimble Hart :  
*Bether* which *Jordan* do's from *Jury* part.

## C H A P. III. v. I.

## C H U R C H.

'T Was dark, the Orbs withdrew their light ;  
 The Sullen Moon obscur'd her head ;  
 A melancholique gloomy night,  
 ( The most unhappy relict of a day  
 In which the nighted Traveller could stray )  
 When over-charg'd with passions on my bed,  
 And fraight with fear,  
 I fought my Love, but he was fled ;  
 I call'd aloud and knockt, but no one near.  
 2. Must then ( said I ) a wretched, helpless, poor,  
 Distressed Lover thus give o're ?  
 Are all these breathings spent in Vain ? }  
 I'll wander out, and call again ; }  
 Sure he will pity, since he made the pain. }

I'll haste, and bend my pace  
 Unto the holy place  
 Whither the Tribes go up to bless,  
 The Testament of Holiness:

How know I what may there be done?  
 'Twas there the *Blessed Virgin* found her *Son*.  
 Perhaps we once again may meet  
 Amidst some crooked silent Street,  
 Whilst thus he wanders up and down  
 The by-*Meanders* of the Town.

'Tis but for once to try;  
 Or if he is withdrawn, I'll trace  
 His footsteps to some wider place,  
 Or seek him out if nigh.  
 Ah! so I panting did,

But found him not, for he was hid:  
 Hid from the reach of purblind Nature's Eye,  
 Which takes no species from the Deity.

3. Next to the wakeful Guardians of the night  
 (The Watchmen of the Sacred Tower  
 Arm'd with his Sword, and guarded with his power)  
 I took my humble flight.  
 Tell me, O can you tell, (said I)  
 When he past by?  
 Can no good Oracle declare  
 How he demeans himself, and where.  
 But they were all grown dumb:  
 Then sure, said I, *Messias* must be come.
4. Just thus it was; my fancied bliss  
 Prov'd true; I heard a voice, 'twas his:  
 When straight I caught him in my Arms,  
 And held him fast; successful were my Charms)  
 Till through the private passages we went,  
 And came into my Mothers Tent:

That

That Tent in which th' *Almighty* once did give  
That life to her who gave me life to live.

5. You Daughters of *Jerusalem*,  
I charge you by the Roes, the Hinds; by them  
To whom ye frankly yield  
The ample Pastures of your floury field,  
That when my best Beloved slumbring lies,  
Ye cease to chase the shadow from his Eyes.  
Beside his Temples let a Vail be spread;  
And Banners circle round his head.

*C H R I S T.*

6. What distant object from the fruitless brest  
On the wild Desert crowns the Plain?  
It lies in Triumphs ore the fields  
Perfum'd with Myrrh, with Frankincense; the best  
Of Odours which the Druggster yields;  
Like some new rising clouds of rain.
8. See where a Princely Banner stands,  
Held up by threefold Heroes mighty hands,  
Girt with their Swords, and fit for fight,  
*Zamzummins*, Chieftains of the night,  
Apt to pursue, but not to take a flight.
9. Thus *Solomon* goes bravely on,  
Guarded with beams of *Lebanon*;  
Beams of those Cedars which so fairly stood  
The daring glories of the Wood;  
But now grown more Majestick by their fall,  
Than when they flourish'd green and tall.
10. The Columns form'd of Silver stand,  
(Cut out by some *Babylon's* hand)  
On a firm basis of the purest Gold  
Which *Ophir* boasted of, or sold;

Sheltred beneath a purple Shrine :  
 ( Purple once common, now Divine )  
 And lest defiance should be seen above,  
 The Motto underneath was *LOVE*.  
 Love for the fairest Damsels ; Love for them  
 Who love the Daughters of *Jerusalem*.

11. Haste, haste, ye Sacred Quire,  
 Ye hopeful darlings of old *Sions* breast,  
 See *Selomoh* clad in his best attire ;  
 'Tis a Triumphant day ; th' Espousal Feast,  
 More Solemn, more observ'd than all the rest :  
 A day in which his aged Matron spread  
 Her Arms about his youthful head ;  
 Blest him with all the blessings from above,  
 And gladly did impart  
 The largess of a Mothers heart ;  
 Crown'd him with Diadems, and sheltred him with Love.

## C H A P. IV. 2. 1.

## C H R I S T.

- H**OW lovely are those eyes, thou Fair,  
 Which from the circles of thy hair }  
 Pierce the thin Vails of interambient air ? }  
 What sprightly Beauties from that sacred Shrine }  
 Do we behold ? compar'd to thine }  
 Doves eyes are dull : the lustre's all divine.  
 Whilst thy dishevel'd locks are whiter far  
 Than *Gileads* new-wash'd fleeces are :  
 2. Beneath whose tresses, studs of pearl display  
 Their light, like Stars plac'd near the Milky-way ;

Which

Which in a Semicircle stand,  
 Set in due distance by th' *Almighties* hand :  
 More white than wool, more glorious than the throng  
 Of Ews when all are big with young.

3. Thy melting Speech with a beſeeming grace  
 Flows from thy lips, where Scarlet ſpred  
     Reflects upon thy Face  
     A fainter Virgin Red,

Which to thy lofty Temples makes a way  
 As bluſhing mornings haſten to the day.  
 Thoſe Temples which at diſtance ſeen  
 Are like Pomegranats ripen'd from the Green.

4. Thy neck's a Fortrefs of a greater power  
 Than ere was *David's* warlike Tower ;  
 A thouſand Bucklers there were ſpred  
 ( Shields for the breaſt, and Armour for the head )  
 Little enough to ſtop the ſtrelful foe :

    But when thou doſt thy Beauty ſhew,  
     Unto thy Trophies all muſt yield  
     And quit the Field ;

Thine Arrows wound the heart, and pierce the ſtoutest ſhield. }

5. Two vaſt ſupporting hills of ſnow  
 Maintain this Caſtle's foot below ;  
 The youthful breaſts which like two Twins appear,  
 ( Roes of the ſelf ſame year )

    Roes which amidſt the Lilies ſtray }

6. Until the ſhades are chas't away  
 And the pale Morn'-ſtar uſhers in the day. }  
     Up to the mountains height  
     I'll take my flight,

And view thoſe Paſtures which diſpenſe  
 The ſweets of Myrrh and Frankincenſe.

7. If from the days in which thou firſt didſt place  
 Thy trembling foot on *Aaron's* rev'rend head,  
 I thy deſcent unto theſe times ſhould trace ;



Thou round about thee there were spread  
 So many garments roll'd in Red  
 Dypt in that blood on which the Martyrs fed }  
 No spot, no wrinkle would be seen :

Thou bloom'st afresh, and art for ever green.

8. Hail thee from *Lebanon*, no more to dwell  
 In *Lebanon*, tho of so sweet a smell.

Look from *Amana's* clouded height, }

*Shevir* and *Herman*, Hills of might, }

The glories of the *Amorite* ; }

*Judea's* narrow Confincs are too small ;

( This there was the *Messiah's* Birth )

Hear a rebounding call

Eccho'd from th' utmost Caverns of the Earth,  
 From Lions dens, and from the teacherous Cell  
 Of those rude beasts which in the Desert dwell.

What now, what unaccustom'd strain

Possesses this my Captiv'd heart !

A strange insinuating flame

( That found a Conquest wherefore it came )

Has scatter'd in its powerful heat,

And here it acts as in its proper seat :

One of her chains, one of my Sisters Eyes

Have bound me fast, and render'd me her prize.

If One of these so much could do,

How should I be subdu'd, and overcome by Two !

If this small Glimp be such, then what shall be

The Effects of Eternity !

10. Sister and Spouse in one Combine }

To kindle flames, and render 'em Divine, }

Flames of a nobler heat than those of Wine. }

Willst near those Milky Paps above,

Those famous Treasures which fed

The scatter'd Sheep before their *Pa*m was dead,

*Lebanon* appears, and Miltonick Love.



11. O thou by sacred ties  
 To me so closely knit,  
 When thou dost thy beil Oracles declare  
 By Priests, and not by murmuring air,  
 To thy soft voice the mystick Wit  
 Of busie Spirits, and of gentile Lies  
 Must with their flatteries submit.  
 So healing are thy words, so calm  
 When thou the pious heart dost meet,  
 That tears of Balm  
 Or drops of Hony are not half so sweet.

12. Thou like a Garden fresh dost stand  
 ( A plat of *Palæstina's* Land ) }  
 Fenc'd and encircled by th' *Almighties* hand. }  
 Fenc'd from the subtil Fox, and ranging Bore,  
 Who'd overturn the wall or undermine the door :  
 Within whose borders we behold  
 A Fountain fairer than the Springs of old  
 Made for the Nations Weal,  
 But shut from Beasts by the great Gard'ners Seal :  
 Those Beasts who their ungodly pastime take  
 In striving how to mud the Christal Lake.

13. 14. 15. See where the Streams with silent murmur creep  
 And steal in by *Alexanders* from the Deep ;  
 Till safe in covert passages they breath  
 Their subtil moisture from beneath ;  
 Unmindful of the paces they have gone,  
 From *Carmel*, from the top of *Sidon* :  
 Their Donor's hank, and they are free ;  
 As they receive they give :  
 By them the Spikenard and the Cypress-tree,  
 Pomegranats, and the Saffron I've :  
 Alike their Bounties they dispense  
 To Myrrh, to Aloes, and the Frankincense.

## CHURCH.

16.       Haste, my Beloved, haste,  
           And when thou dost of these thy Dainties taste,  
                   O let thy Glory shine  
       Upon this Fountain, and these Shades of thine!  
       Then shall the North-wind wake, the South-wind blow,  
       And from these beds the balmy Spices flow.
- 

## CHAP. V. v. 1.

## CHRIST.

**F**rom the Almighty Seat above,  
       As boundless as the Great *Jehovah's* Love,  
       My Fathers Beatifick breast,  
   Where thou must shortly (when Triumphant) rest,  
       I thy Beloved, guarded with a Quire  
       Of Angels, with an Host of fire  
       To give thine Enemies their doom,  
       Am to my Garden, to my Sister come.  
       I've cropt my Myrrh, and pluckt my fill  
               From every Spicy quill:  
       I've eat my hony, and have made a Feast  
       Upon the Treasures of thy Milky breast.  
       You who with famine pine,  
       Or by tradition fast  
       From untaught Sires, who never understood  
       The virtue of a thing or sweet or good,  
       Come, come, and take a full repast,  
       The Feast forbids a modest taste. *✓*  
       A mighty Feast made up of things Divine,  
       Hony with Milk, Milk mingled with Wine.

CHURCH.

## C H U R C H.

2. The Gates were shut, the Prison close,  
 And every Captive took his soft repose ;  
 The stretcht-out Arms, which lately did complain  
     Of slavery in vain,  
     Now seem'd to clasp a Breast  
     Made up of liberty and rest.  
 But this was but a fanci'd sleep ;  
 ( *Grief, like to Water, silent is when deep* )  
 For in my dreams the heat of Love  
 ( *Like Vapours cloyler'd in the chilly Earth,*  
     *And struggling for a Birth,* )  
 Insensibly began to move :  
 My wakeful heart did only panting lie  
 Beneath the Covert of a clos'd up Eye ;  
 Whilst from below I seem'd to hear  
 ( *As tho the Souls knew how to woo,*  
     *And had a cunning Language too* )  
 A fainting voice, which hardly reacht mine ear.

## C H R I S T.

- ' Sister awake, what from above,  
 ' Mine undefiled One, my Love,  
 ' No voice ! or is her Charity  
     ' More cold than I !  
 ' I'll call again——What from above,  
 ' Sister awake, arise my Dove,  
 ' Unbar the clos'd up doors, and see  
 ' Who 'tis that calls and knocks so loud : 'Tis he  
 ' Who drawn by thine ore-powring Arms  
 ' Has marcht the Desert from afar,  
 ' Without the conduct of one happy Star :  
     D  
     ' Undaunted

' Undaunted ventur'd all the spight  
 ' Of Wind, of Storm, and of a gloomy Night;  
 ' And tempted more than common harms  
 ' To find a Shelter in thy tender Arms.  
 ' And canst thou pass these Hazards by  
 ' With so small Love, and so much Cruelty?  
 ' See how the curl'd, and well compacted hair  
 ' Fan'd by fresh gales, and mov'd by milder air,  
 ' Now hangs dishevel'd by the Tempest torn,  
 ' And on my Locks the Evening dew's are born.

## C H U R C H.

3. But these Expostulations were in vain:  
 I laid me down to sleep again.  
 Alas; my cast-off coat was folded by,  
 My new-washt feet were scarcely dry:  
 Should I defile them then? what boot to rise,  
 And chase that sleep that had but seiz'd my eyes?
4. Yet he endeavour'd still, and prest the more  
 Upon the stubborn door:  
 When straight (the check of mine ingrateful Love)  
 A sudden qualm did in my bowels move.  
 Oh how I sigh! my swoln-up heart  
 Was big with Passion; and upbraiding smart  
 Strook thro my panting breast,  
 Who for a sleepless rest  
 Had sold the bounties of so fair a Guest.
5. At length I gave my slumbers ore,  
 And marcht thro darkness to the wonted place  
 Where Lovers met, where Lovers do embrace;  
 But mist the entry to the door.  
 Alas! my Breast, tho ail a flame,  
 Could give no light  
 To guide me in the depth of night,

Until

Until a cloud of Odours came,  
Sent from his graceful fingers, such  
Which tho the fainter reliques of a touch  
Imprest upon the lock, were sweeter far  
Than *Gilead's* balms, or *India's* Spices are.

6. Then I unbar'd the doors—Whose there? What Guest.

( Said I ) that interrupts my rest?  
No voice, but all was silent as the night,  
For he had newly took his flight.

Oh how I trembling stood!  
No Tongue can tell the smart  
That seiz'd my heart

Under the swift recoilment of the blood:  
I stood and call'd, and call'd, but all in vain,  
The very Echo scarce return'd again.

7. Then more than pale with bashful fear,

Unarm'd, ungirt, unblest,  
I roam'd abroad to meet the wandering Guest:  
But straight the busie Watch drew near;  
From whose stern looks I pity did implore:

And when a storm of sighs  
Had tied my Tongue that it could plead no more,  
Begg'd silent pity with my weeping Eyes,  
Then stopt, and woo'd again: but all  
Their pity was but Wormwood mixt with Gall.  
O how they checkt my folly, how they strove  
Each to upbraid my but pretended Love!

[ Unhappy Hypocrite, thy crime  
Was soon found out; the darkest night,  
Th' obscurest time

Exposes that as quickly as the light. ]  
But this was but the first degree  
Of their inhuman Cruelty;  
For when I ventur'd on to plead my Cause,

- And little fear'd, but that a weak  
 And helpless Woman might have leave to speak;  
 Instead of Reason, and of equal Laws,  
 They answer'd me with Wounds to every Clause:  
     Which when I strove to close again,  
 ( Left the sad Weather should augment my pain )  
     And bind up with my Vail ( the height  
     Of their unmanly spight ! )  
 They raviſht that away by an ore-powring might.  
     Unhappy Soul, who' I pity thee  
     In depth of all thy miſery ?  
 I once the Peoples joy, am now their ſcorn,  
 By my beſt friends, nay by my Love forlorn:  
 Can this black midnight ere expect a morn !
8. I turn'd to *Sions* Daughters then  
 To ſee if Women were more kind than Men:  
     I charge you, O ye Fair ( ſaid I )  
     If my Beloved paſſes by,  
     You tell him how I lye  
     Wounded, and at the point to die.  
     Tell him——Oh tell him this:  
 And much, much more——But yet above  
 The reſt, the deepeſt Wound was his,  
     And I am ſick of Love.

## C H O R U S.

Daughters of *Sion*.

9. What's thy Beloved, O thou Fair?  
     With whom may he compare?  
 What's thy Beloved more than others are?  
 What is he more, Faireſt of *Queens*, than them  
 Who bear the glories of *Jeruſalem*?  
     Are his Encomiums ſo large,  
 That thus thou giv'ſt ſo ſtrict a charge?  
     What is he? Speak——

C H U R C H.

## C H U R C H.

10. —Should you but trace  
 The Beauties of his goodly Face,  
 And see how strangely they are spread  
 ( Betwixt the White and Red,  
 ( Parted by light, not by a shade )  
 The Lilies would appear but pale, and fade,  
 Like bashful Stars before the rising Sun,  
 And Roses blush to see their Red out-done.  
 If thousands, nay ten thousand Loves you see,  
 Of all the rest you'll tell me, *This is he.*
11. His lofty Head is fairer to behold }  
 Than *Ophyr's* Treasures were of old, }  
 Or *Babylonish Dura's* Gold. }  
 Round which his black curl'd locks are set, }  
 Which in their circles fitly met }  
 Make him appear like *Or* begirt with *Jet*. }
12. His Eyes are Doves Eyes, fair and bright  
 With watry clearness, and with milky White:  
 From whose transparent balls the flashes fly  
 Swifter than Lightning darted thro the Skie.
13. By whose blest rays the Spices grow  
 Upon his Cheeks, where's seen a lasting Day }  
 With flower's more fresh, more gay }  
 Than those in *May*; }  
 And from his Lips the fragrant Oyntments flow.
14. His Hands are like to rings of Gold, beset  
 With *Tarshish*; [ *Ashers* Crysolite ]  
 His Belly's like to Ivory ore-laid  
 With Sapphyrs, white and blew display'd.
15. His Leggs are two Supporters, which uphold  
 These structures; Marble-Pillars rimm'd with Gold.

His



- His looks are like to *Lebanon*, but far  
 More glorious than those Cedars are.  
 16. When he the pious Votary do's meet  
       His Mouth's most sweet:  
 From whence a stream of Rhetorick flow's; such Speech  
       As seems at once to threaten and beseech.  
       He's altogether lovely, this is he:  
           Him if you haply see,  
       Good *Sions* Daughters send him home to me. }

## C H A P VI. v. I.

## C H O R U S.

Daughters of *Sion*.

W Hither is thy Beloved gone?  
 Speak, Fairest of thy Sex, that we  
 May seek him too; 'tis ill to walk alone.  
 What dark, what unfrequented place  
 Can hide the Glories of so fair a Face?  
 Let's march along: The Traveller may see  
 ( Tho now he wanders in obscurity )  
 That brightness which the Sun a while do's shroud;  
 ( Before 'tis Set ) tho from a distant Cloud.

## C H U R C H.

2. ——— Alas! I've wandred up and down  
 This glorious but ingrateful Town.  
 I've sought him sighing, big with care,  
 Yet met with nothing but Despair:  
       And with my nimble feet  
       Have measur'd out each space,  
       Trod every Street  
       Of this unthankful place.



No Watchman but has heard my woful call  
Rebounding from the circuit of the Wall.

But all in vain.

Who now shall *Sion's* praises Sing?

( *Sion* too proud to entertain the King. )

He's gone down to the Plain

( Humble and meek ) to view the Plants below,

Brought forth by a successful rain ;

Those pleasant Valleys where the Spices grow :

To gather Lilies, and to spend his hours

Amongst the dew-bespangled flowers.

3. ——— But my Beloved's only mine, and I am his :

He feeds beneath a shrine

Of Lilies, where the Banquet's all Divine.

### C H R I S T.

4. See, my Beloved, thou art Fair,

More beautiful than *Tirzah's* Turrets are ;

( *Tirzah* where Grandfire-Princes us'd to sing

The praises of their King : )

The Sons of *Sion* shall no more admire

The Hill of *Jebus* in its best attire.

But whilst these Troops of Beauty shine so bright,

They're mixt with, not ore-pow'r'd by might :

And tho so terrible, the World may see }

( Tho'tis alone in thee ) }

True Love enthron'd in Majesty.

5. Th' halt overcome me, O thou Fair ;

Turn, turn away those pow'ful eyes :

No need to compare that white

The Treises of thy bright d

Are whiter than the snowy

Of *Gileads* new w

6. Thy well-set Teeth in equal order stand,  
 No one that's injur'd in a throng;  
 The Ews that graze in *Palæstina's* ground  
 Are not so comely when they'r big with young:  
 When from the Silver streams they've drawn their fill,  
 And sunn'd their Fleeces in the Sacred Hill.
7. Thy Temples, fraught with Modesty, are seen  
 To match Pomegranats when the blushing Red  
 Is fitly shed  
 Upon the chaster Green.  
 How glorious wilt thou once appear  
 In thy Triumphant Kingdom, who hast stood  
 So beautiful so lovely here  
 Amongst green wounds and garments roll'd in blood?
8. And tho' the matchless sight  
 Of evil-will would swell to such a height  
 As to deprive thee of thy Golden bell,  
 And leave the fair Pomegranat but a shell;  
 Yet in thy borders Threescore Queens are fed,  
 And Fourscore Concubines do spread  
 Their Arms about the Bridal bed. }  
 And tho' so many Worthies have been slain,  
 Ten thousand Virgins Constitute thy Train.
9. Let other Spoules to a right pretend,  
 'Tis only Thou that art my Friend;  
 Mine undefiled One, my Love,  
 The Daughter of *Jerusalem* above.  
 The Water saw thee from a far,  
 And blest thee as the *Magi* did the Star:  
 The Concubines in holy order cri'd,  
 Hail Queen of Nations; Hail, the Maids repli'd.
10. Who's this whose Majesty surrounds the Earth,  
 Fair as the Morning from her purple Birth?  
 The darkned Sun's amaz'd; the Planets shroud  
 Their useless Light;

The Moon's confounded at the dreadful Sight,  
 Hiding her spotted horns behind a Cloud.  
 The frighted Orbs in fearful distance stand,  
 No longer turn'd by an ore-powring hand:  
 They neither Light nor Vertue can dispense,  
 But stand in need of greater Influence.  
 Thy Rays out-shine them all: th'art brighter far  
 Than burniht Spears and warlike Banners arc.

11. But Feasted with so fair a shew,  
 Left too much light  
 Should overcome the sight,  
 I hasted to the Vales below,  
 To see the new Plantations of my Bride,  
 ( The Peoples scorn, but *Sions* pride )  
 Those fruitful Vines, which by their senseless paces  
 Hug'd the sweet product of their soft Embraces:  
 To view the Nut-trees, and to know  
 How the Pomegranate did begin to grow.
12. 'Twas but a moment ere  
 My heedless Soul had been aware:  
 But overcome with the Surprizing Sight  
 ( Unable to remain a Guest  
 Where so much Plenty made so great a Feast )  
 I took me to my flight.  
 Amazement added Wings unto my heels,  
 The swiftest Gale of Wind;  
*Aminadab* himself was left behind,  
 And his hot Chariot-wheels.

13. Return, return, O *Shulamite*, }  
 That we may see the goodly sight }  
 Of *Selomoh*, and the *Shulamite*. }  
 What would you see in her and him?  
 The goodly Forces of *Mahanaim*.

## C H A P. VII. v. l.

## C H R I S T.

**H**ow Beautiful are those thy feet  
 Shod with the Preparation of the Word,  
 Thou Daughter of the mighty Lord,  
 Espoused to his only Son  
 Before he put his fleshy Garments on!  
 How fairly dost thou tread the Stage  
 Of every froward Street  
 In this unluckie latter Age  
 Of thy distressed Pilgrimage!  
 The well-compacted juncture of thy Thighs  
 ( By which the once divided Train  
 Of *Jew* and *Gentile* meet again )  
 Is made with Jewels of no common price ;  
 Whilst Prophets, Pastors, Teachers all combine  
 To close the Sacred Tye, and render it Divine.  
 2. Thy Navel's like a Mazer fill'd  
 With Consecrated Water ; whence  
 The New-born Child  
 Receives a newer Influence :  
 By that blest Lover he is born again,  
 And all the former Enmities are slain.  
 Thy Belly like an heap of Corn appears  
 ( The lasting Food of ancient years )  
 Beset with Lilies [ *Innocency best*  
*Befits a Loving Feast.* ]  
 That Treasury which all along has fed  
 Thy Profelytes with Sacramental Bread.  
 3. Thy Breasts in equal Harmony consent,  
 The *Old* with the *New-Testament*.

4. Thy

4. Thy Neck like an Eternal Tower  
 Supports the higher roof, and crowns the lower.  
 Thine Eyes are fair to look upon,  
 Clear as the Streams of *Heshebon*;  
 Where poor *Bath-rabbim* quits her self of tears,  
 And dews her Cheeks with penitential tears.  
 Thy Nose is lifted to the skie,  
 Fixt on those Stars to which of late  
*Messias* mounted up in State:  
 The Spire of *Lebanon* is not so high,  
 Which points where *Syria's* chiefest City stood,  
 Whilst poor *Damascus* heard the cry  
 Of injur'd *Abel's* blood.
5. Thy lofty Head is fairer to behold  
 Than the *Phenicians* pride,  
 Or what they boasted of beside  
 Height *Carmel* was of old.  
 Whose Crest an Host of *Martyrs* do adorn,  
 Like some bright Cloud dropt from the purple Morn:  
 Kings are encircled in it, and above  
 In a Triumphant Seat appears the God of Love.
6. How Fair, how Glorious is that Sight  
 Which charms the Eyes with new delight,  
 And treats the curious Appetite! }
7. Thou like the goodly Palm art seen  
 (Thou compass't round with weights, and all  
 Those Plagues which would fore-run anothers fall,  
 To spread thy boughs, and crown thy self with gr  
 Under these Shades thy Breasts appear  
 Like Grapes ith' Noon-tide of the year.
8. 'Twas but a while ere I resolv'd to see  
 The goodly Tree;  
 But straight each branch began to bow the head,  
 And beckon me to a ne're-fading bed.

Thy Breasts are like two clusters of the Vine,  
Where Milk is sweetly mingled with Wine.

9. The words which from thy Palate do escape  
Are sweeter than the *Canaanitish* Grape;  
Of which thy Best-beloved drinks his fill,  
And draws new Oracles from every Quill.

C H U R C H.

10. Thus I am his; and thus you see  
How his desires are center'd all in me.
11. Arise my Love, the Morning's fair,  
The Day-star sinks before a greater light  
Than that by which it travell'd all the night.  
Let's view the fields, and feast in brisker air:  
Those little Villages which heretofore  
Were humble, destitute and poor,  
Shall now lift up their Turrets, blest  
And fitted for so fair a Guest.
12. Unto the Gardens we'll direct our way;  
The once despised Pastures of the Plain  
( From which the wealthy travell'd in disdain )  
Shall now the Summers Garb display  
In green and purple fresh and gay,  
Under a never-ending day.  
Amidst Pomegranats and the Vines, I'll yield  
Each Vow that I have made;  
And every Shade  
Shall be a Witness in the blooming Field.
13. The *Mandrakes* give a lovely Smell,  
Balsam beneath our Gates do's dwell;  
Where well-replenisht baskets hold  
The Bounties of the former year,  
And Treasures of the old.  
All sorts of Sweets are here,

All wholly thine. *That favour's let in vain*  
*Which minds not how to gratifie again.*

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## C H A P. VIII. v. 'I.

## C H U R C H.

O That thou wouldst in human Shape appear,  
 And dwell as one of these my Brethren here!  
 That thou wouldst rend the Firmament above,  
 And from an Everlasting Throne  
     Descend in State  
 To conquer this unruly Fate,  
 And take possession of thine own!  
 How Sweetly would we kiss,  
 How great should be the Bliss  
 That Crown'd a Brothers and a Sisters Love!

I'd lead thee with mine hand, mine arm  
     Should shelter thee from harm.  
 I'd bring thee to my Mothers house, that shade  
     Which *Sion* for her Honour made:  
     Amidst those Mansions we would stay  
     Till thou hadst taught me how to Pray,  
 And offer up what thou do'st ne'r despise,  
 An humble Heart, a lively Sacrifice.  
     Under that Consecrated Shrine  
     I'd treat thee with my Spiced Wine;  
     Where Grapes with the Pomegranate prest  
     Should make a Sacramental Feast.  
     Thy left hand ( new increase  
     Of Honour, Wealth and Peace )

Should



Should like a never-fading Garland spread  
 It's tutelary Guardianship round my head.  
 Thy right hand should embrace my Heart,  
 And Crown the Intellectual part.  
 All Treasures should be ours; the choicest things  
 Of th' upper and the nether-Springs.

4. I charge you, O ye Branches of the Stem  
     Of old *Jerusalem*;  
 I charge you by your Modesty, nay more,  
 By all that's Good, by all that you adore,  
     If my Beloved slumbring lies:  
         If deep,  
     If unaccustom'd Sleep  
     Has shut his wakeful Eyes;  
 You pass by gently, lest an ill-bred noise  
 Should chase away his interrupted joys.

*CHORUS.*

Daughters of *Jerusalem.*

5. Who's this that hastens from the rude  
     Inhospitable Multitude?  
 And leaves the Wilderness a more  
 Unhappy Desert than it was before?  
 See how she leans on her Beloved's Breast,  
 And in the midst of travail finds a rest!

*CHURCH.*

'Tis I am she,  
 Who rais'd thee from beneath the Apple-tree.  
 There where thy Mother brought thee forth, to tread  
     Upon the crooked Serpents head.



6. O set me as a Seal upon thine Heart,  
 Beyond the reach of undermining Art.  
 Place me as thou wouldst place a Sacred tie  
 Upon thine Arm, for *Jealousie*  
*Is unrelenting as the Grave;*  
 Bitter as Death : Like an insulting Wave  
 Beat by the stubborn Tempest from the Sound,  
     It still recoils the more  
     'Tis tost upon the shore,  
 Till in its lawful scope it overflows the bounds.  
     Like an aspiring flame  
 That left destruction wheresoe'er it came,  
     It marches on with full Success,  
 And flies in Triumph o'er the Wilderness.
7. *No Waters can allay the heat of Love :*  
 Tho all the num'rous Fountains from above,  
 And every nether-Spring should creep  
 To joyn in private with th' unfathom'd Deep :  
 The mighty Lakes should all their Treasures yield,  
 And March their Forces to the watry field :  
 Tho Seas were heapt on Seas, and every flood  
 In open and offensive posture stood :  
 Their Prowess would appear but small,  
 This Fire from Heav'n would soon consume them all.  
     If with a fair impartial hand  
 You bring the Bounties of the slowry Land ;  
     All the Creator did produce  
     For Human use,  
 And fix them in the trembling Scale ; They'l prove  
     Less ponderous than Love.
8. We have a little Sister far abroad,  
 That knows not us ; a stranger to her God :

An innocent, an uninstructed Maid,  
 By Ignorance and blinded Zeal betray'd.  
 Good Brother speak, what Argument shall we  
 Propose, to tempt her from Idolatry?  
 She never heard of trembling *Sinai's* flame,  
 Or knows she whence Prophetick Visions came.  
     Alas! she has no Breasts  
     To entertain her Guests:  
 And she her self is pin'd; a longer stay  
 Amidst her empty husks may make her faint away.

## C H R I S T.

9. 'Why thus we'd do: My Fathers house is large,  
     'His Tables stand  
 'Throng'd with the Treasures of a bounteous hand:  
     'There she may fairly taste  
 'Or (if she please) may take a full repast  
     'Without or cost or charge.  
 If her Foundation's fit for *Sions* Towers,  
 The silver Superstructure shall be Ours.  
 If she be strong enough to bear't, we'll press  
 The deepest Mystery of Godliness.  
     But if the barren Desert left her more }  
     A feeble Virgin than she was before, }  
     We'll lead her to a Sacramental door, }  
 And shew her where Religion's Basis stands;  
     Why the *Messias* must be slain  
 By ruder *Jews*, and by the *Gentiles* hands.  
     There we may boldly tell  
     The tiding of *Immanuel*:  
 And then lest haply she revolt again )  
 We'll there Baptize her and her num'rous Train.

[ *Gentile*

[ *Gentile Church.* ]

10. I once was Ignorant and Young;  
 The Common-Law of Nature was my Guide:  
 'Twas then I had no Breast,  
 'Twas then I went aside.  
 But now can humbly hear a Teachers Tongue.  
 Whilst thus I spake, and with a blush confest  
 My *Gentile* Folley, all the famous Lies  
 The Learned could devise;  
 He smiling pitti'd them; and granted my request.

## C H U R C H.

11. King *Solomon* to shew the matchless height  
 Of Glory, Splendour and Delight,  
 Prepar'd a Sacred place  
 Which he himself might grace:  
 A Vineyard 'twas, encircled with a Wood,  
 Not far from *Salem*, where *Baal-Hamon* stood:  
 But this he let to Keepers, who should bring  
 A thousand pieces for an offering.

## C H R I S T.

12. My Vineyard's only mine; 'Tis I am he  
 That looks to that: My shoulders bear  
 The Summers Toyl, and heave the Winters care.  
 But, *Solomon*, to thee  
 The Sacred Court pays tribute, whilst they bring  
 Two hundred pieces to the Priests, one thousand to the King.

## C H U R C H.

13. O Thou that dwellest in that Sacred shade  
 Which for the living Soul at first was made,

F

But

But now the quickning Spirits choice;  
 Whilst all thy blest Companions hear thy Voice,  
 O let not me with slothful Ear  
 Pass by regardless and unapt to hear !

14.   Haste, my Beloved, haste ; how long shall we  
       Wait for the promis'd *Jubilee* ?  
       And when thou rend'st the Skie,  
 With such a speed on thy wing'd Chariots flie,  
 That the chas'd Roe-buck with his Wounds  
 May seem to Travel slowly from the Hounds ;  
 And on the Spicy Hills the Hart may be  
 No more the Pattern of Agility.

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F I N I S.

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*Errata.*

Page 5. line 10. *its*. pag. 13. l. 24. *thy*. pag. 19. l. 6. *Who's*. pag. 32. l. 29. *Tidings*

